



# All on my own



👁 27 ✓ 2 ★ 5

## Chapter 1 by Brady Goracke

I woke to the cold dawn that was so familiar yet so strange. In my dreams, I had a life. I had a family, a home, things to call my own. I almost felt...happy. But no. I was here. Alone. Slave to any who claimed to be above me. And I believed them. I knew they lied, but what was I to do? I was stupid. Less than. Worthless. Again, I knew it wasn't true. But I believed every word, every syllable. My brain rushed with the ferocity of a hurricane as I heard the screams. The shouts of terror from the people I once had the power to destroy. But now, nothing.

## Chapter 2 by thefluffyone



There used to be a time before this, when everything was perfect and everyone was equal. Until our entire system of living fell apart. Our leader was... basically... an idiot.

Of course, I wasn't alive then. I was born into this position of slavery on the streets.

The screams flooded my ears.

I can usually recognize the screams. In our small town, everyone knew everyone.

I remember one time when I heard them killing my brother.

Idiots.

They killed a lot of people. They killed the people they didn't need. And sometimes it was in really terrible ways, ways I would really not like to discuss.

That's why you can't let them find you.

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They find you, they kill you.

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fake high ranking really master

o them. Only people of

If you're like me, you don't matter.

I slide down the wall I lean on, landing on my bottom, my head falling between my knees. I don't know if I can live like this for much longer.

Thankfully (actually not) I won't have to.

I hear shouts from around the corner, and I push my back flat against the wall, shortening my breath to make it quieter.

I watch them walk past me, then let out a breath.

"What was that?" Oh no, oh no. I'm an idiot.

"He's right there! Get him!"

I pick myself up and sprint out of my hiding place, running across the streets.

Can't let them catch me, can't let them catch me.

I feel a pain in my back, and fall backwards. I pull a knife out. I'm fine. It wasn't very deep.

But it slowed me down.

And now they're right on top of me.

Two of the men pick me up, and I stumble.

I try to fight, but I fail, then my legs give out, and soon after, so does my head. Must've been deeper than I thought.

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